

Made by Hen. Jones an old Ballad-singer of Oxon

The Royal Patient Traveller.

OR

The wonderful Escapes of His Sacred Majesty King CHARLES the Second from Worcester-Fight; And his making a Hollow Oke his Royal Pallace. The going in a Livery Cloak with Mis. Lane. And the Discourse between the Kings Majesty, and the Cook-maid employing the King to wind up the Jack; but being not used to do it, did wind it up the wrong way.

To the tune of, Chivy Chase, Or, God prosper long our Noble King



God hath preferred our Royal King
the second of that name,
And those that will not pay for him,
innocent they are to blame:
For those who have mistook him spoke,
that I shall not blame.
And with all others have a cure
how they should do the same,
David we read has enemies
that ate him for a prey,
So CHARLES the Second had the same,
who is this English day.
In May it was the twenty nine,
King Charles of high Renown
Being his birth-day (as 'tis known)
to London came to town.
But had you seen the triumph march
And Bonfire, & flaming high,
and all the people for to cry
God save his Majesty.
I will rejoice at his happiness,
and pray he long may reign,
And of some passages he had
with honest Mirris Lane,
From Scotland he to Worcester came
though friends he look about,
Yet Cromwell came with a mighty force
and so gave him the rout.

A journey long I am sure he had
with friends the loving Scot,
King Charles mounting himself to horse,
thrice times his horse was shot.
The King did therefore for his safety,
make his horse to take some pity,
For in our country he was long
as I write in this story:
If persecution being great,
at last they have a cure,
So at that time the very true
and so cut off his hair.
He privately cloaks he to the Scot,
and his himself disguise,
So of King Alfred I have read,
that was a Prince most wise.
A chain of gold that he had then,
twelve hundred without count
He gave along into a friend,
who lent him there about,
Into a town where there was none
nor Lodgings there he took.
The best of Lodgings he could get,
was in a hollow Oak.
O happy Oak (with Mirris Lane,
that ever I will see,
I would for a Prince thou wast
but he had go with me.

Made by Hen. Jones an old Ballad-singer of Oxon

The Royal Patient Traveller.

OR

The wonderful Escapes of His Sacred Majesty King CHARLES the Second from Worcester-Fight; And his making a Hollow Oke his Royal Pallace. The going in a Livery Cloak with Mis. Lane. And the Discourse between the Kings Majesty, and the Cook-maid employing the King to wind up the Jack; but being not used to do it, did wind it up the wrong way.

To the tune of, Chivy Chase, Or, God prosper long our Noble King



God hath preferred our Royal King
The second of that name,
And those that will not pay for him,
In that they are his blame:
For those who have mistook him spoke,
And I shall not be woe,
And with all others have a cure
Who they should do the same,
David we read has enemies
That do him sore annoy,
So CHARLES the Second has the same,
Who is his English foe,
In May it was the twenty nine,
King Charles of high Renown
Being his birth-day (as 'tis known)
In London came to town,
But had soon seen the triumph march
And Bonfire's flaming high,
And all the people for to cry
God save his Majesty.
I will rejoice at his happiness,
And pray he long may reign,
And of some passages he had
With honest Spittis Lane,
From Scotland he to Worcester came
Though friends he look about,
Yet Cromwell came with a mighty force
And did give him the rout,

A journey long I am sure he had
With friends the loving Scot,
King Charles mounting himself to horse,
Three times his horse was shot.
The King did therefore for his safety,
Make his own to have some pity,
For in our country he with fog
As I write in this story:
If persecution being great,
Of such then have a care,
For at that time the very town
Was cut off his hair.
He privately cloaks he to get his life,
And his himself disguise,
So of King Alfred I have read,
That was a Prince most wise,
A chain of gold that he had then,
Which hundred without count
He gave along into a friend,
Who lent him there about,
Into a town where King was none
Nor Lodgings there he took,
The best of Lodgings he could get,
Was in a hollow Oke.
O happy Oke (with Spittis Lane,
That ever I will see,
If I had for a Prince thou wast
But he had go with me.



Herberding-man King Charles be-
For so he thought it best. (Came

And he to free him from his foes
Did travel towards the West.

For all the Land was up in Arms
In City and in Town.

And so King Charles to find him out,
It was a thousand pound.

But Dickie Lane herious and wise,
So much his underhand,

What woful hunting they did make,
For Charles of fair England.

For through a thicket they must pass,
For there was no back Lane

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

The Doves hole then up his trip,
And down fell man and horse.

With bows and speches for some while,
In words they are not such,

At her command King Charles must be
For to bind up the Jack.

Though mildly he did take this task,
It seems he did want skill,

The woful way he did go about
And this was it some ill:

Great Clodsmith had the him call
For he was much and well,

And though the man had taunting words
Yet at her he was still.

He went to a shop for tools,
Where people came to shop.

That all the day his Chamber kept
As if he was best kept.

But coming down one night more,
He found a forbant clo,

And for a glass of wine he craved,
Because he was a cold.

The Butler quickly him desired
And knew he was the King,

With that in hand thus did he say,
You may have any thing.

So said the Butler,
Although in cloth so plain,

He notice of his words he takes,
To his Chamber goes again.

The Butler being not satisfied,
With courage spake he can,

Of matter Last he must know
How long he had that man.

And whispering he told him then,
I know it is my King,

And do not do him any wrong,
I do you now defend.

Designs Kill killing, yet no doubt
To God he will both yield.

And to a trusty friend he went,
That then was in the field.

And for his works the King conceald
And then did back return.

And for a time he made a stay,
It seems in fair London:

Where he beheld such things as was
Fay to his tender heart.

Some grief at that time did he feel,
From London did he part.

A Waller of a ship at last
It seems was a good man,

And so to France, as I do understand,

Printed for the Author 1660